

Vol. 16: No.3 March 9th 2001 Hampshire College

the Omen

WE WANT YOUR ARTICLES

We're sick
of hearing
ourselves
talk.

Make us look
dumb. Take
over the
Omen. Tell
the world we
suck, then make
us lay it out.

**HELP US GIVE YOU
A PLACE TO SPEAK.**



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THE OFFICIAL OMEN HAIKU:

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)

<http://omen.hampshire.edu>

omen

VOLUME 16, NUMBER 3
MARCH 9, 2001

editors & staff

Michael Pierce	Straight White Male
Gabriel McKee	Straight White Male
Gwynne Watkins	Straight White Male
J Wilder Konschak	Straight White Male
Michael Zole	Straight White Male
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Karl Moore	Straight White Male
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COVER BY CHRISTINE FERNSEBNER ESLAO



And be sure to read our policy box
at the bottom of the next page
before submitting.

I WAS UNCOMFORTABLE. THEN HE MOVED HIS LEG. THEN I WAS COMFORTABLE.

QUOTE ATTRIBUTED TO ZAK KAUFFMAN ON
GARF MCKEEF ORIENTATION | FATER

FROM THE EDITOR



BY MICHAEL BENNI PIERCE

Well, it seems that in about a year, I, too, like so many grads before me and (possibly) after me will be finalizing my Division 3. This might mean completing an arduous editing process, or proofreading a chapter until 5 in the morning, or making sure that the cat I have (if I had a cat) on campus doesn't reek havoc with my lab results that I had specially printed at Kinkos. This might also mean that within a couple months I would be saying goodbye to a very proud and intelligent group of young men and women. It seems sad now, especially with looking at Div. 3's that are at this point.

Luckily, it seems as though I still don't have an idea for my Div. 3, and in some ways, this is consoling. I mean, a Div. 3 is nothing to be trifled with. If you really think about it, a Bachelor of Arts is worth very little in the real world, leaving you with nothing but your work to show whomever you may want to work for one day. I knew this when I entered, but seeing as the date of filing is coming near, I realize now that I don't have an idea worth acting upon.

I've gone through hundreds. It's not that inspiration doesn't strike me constantly; it's simply that the inspiration that hits me is stupid. For example, just the other day I'm thinking about the history of the *Omen*, and it hits me in the back of the head like a brick: an *Omen* movie! I could make a movie about the history, the controversy, and the drama of the *Omen*.

All I can say now is, "It seemed brilliant at the time."

Of course, this isn't the only idea I've had. Others have included 1) "A Tribute to Pink Floyd": a film that plays in sync with the album *The Wall*, 2) a movie in which a space hitchhiker picks up an astronaut and they don't have anything to talk about until the truck driver's home planet blows up, 3) a written paper on the study of successful and not so successful satire, 4) a new black and white film that

incorporates actual shots from early Laurel and Hardy films WELL, so that they seem like real characters in it, 5) an intellectual porno, 6) an intellectual monster movie, 7) an intellectual monster porno, 8) an exposé on arcades and why they are diminishing in this country, 9) a documentary on the miniature golf championships held in Arizona yearly, 10) a country wide search to see if I can get myself to buy the same license plate tag in every state, 11) a piece of video art in which age old jokes are acted out for the camera (such as "A man walks into a bar. Ouch!").

On top of these ideas, I've thought of 12) reviving the show "Rowan and Martin's Laugh In" for the next generation, 13) a science fiction movie about space DJs and the misinformation they get about the government being overthrown, 14) a documentary about Karl Moore as he does a documentary about Mark Hugo, 15) making up a list of six hundred ways to stop being yourself (because no one likes you), 16) a website dedicated to complementing you in a different way every time you go to it, 17) making a strong attempt to create a vortex to another dimension, 18) three words: *Wayne's World 3* (except now it's Wayne and Garth's kids!), 19) three more words: *They Live ... Again!*, 20) going on leave for three semesters and waiting for the school to finally go under financially.

Well, after looking at my list, it just occurs to me that it seems I've only been spending \$130,000 all this time on Napster, anime, and the occasional misuse of illegal materials. Of course, I'll never forget these four years at Hampshire nor the people I've met.

Actually, I probably will, one day. I'm sure I have Alzheimer's or something and that will debilitate me for life. And then I'll die.

policy

The *Omen* is Hampshire's bi-weekly Free Speech Magazine, established by Stephanie A. Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, hate rants, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the *Omen* receives will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation. Writing that falls under this category is just not an option in this forum.

The *Omen* will also not edit anything you write (except in cases of spelling and grammar), as long as you are willing

to be completely responsible for what you say. You must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and understand that whatever you give us to publish you must stand behind. Views of contributors do not necessarily reflect those of the *Omen* staff writers.

Every Tuesday following the release of an issue is the official *Omen* meeting in the Airport Lounge at 9PM. We will discuss important topics like the upcoming issue, staff policy, and the location of that week's orgy.

The *Omen* is here to serve you. What better way to be heard than to have what you have to say printed 700 times and distributed over the entire campus ... and beyond?

9 MARCH, 2001



A LETTER TO YANINA VARGAS

From: wilderworks@juno.com
To: yvargas@hampshire.edu
Date: Sun, 27 Feb 2000 02:46:33 -0500
Subject: Concerning the future of the *Omen*.

Yanina,

My name is Jason Wilder Konschak. Perhaps you remember me. I was an orientation leader last semester, leading "Writing from the Spine," a group that focused on writing, the responsibility of authorship, and publishing on Hampshire campus. I am a senior staff member of the *Omen*, and have been art editor all this year, being responsible for layout and artistic decisions beyond my contributions as a writer. After working a long time to change the *Omen* purely through the content I contributed, this year I'm in a position where I might effect immediate change. I've worked to clarify our submission policies, have tried to make the *Omen* more contributor-based. Nevertheless, this has become especially difficult recently. I am writing to you on my own behalf. The *Omen* staff has no official leaders or policies, and so it is up to each contributor to individually work toward change. This is my own effort, but I speak in agreement with the general mood of the staff, and with the support of our charter.

Let me put it simply: I want to make the *Omen* more inclusive and I don't know how. The *Omen* is an open forum, bound by its promise to print all submissions, and I am proud of that. However, the *Omen* has a long history. Though it once had "Section Love" to balance its "Section Hate," its reputation in recent years has been one I'm NOT proud of. Its been called sexist, racist, and stupid.

As editor, I've included new section dividers (Section Speak, Section Sweet, etc), hoping to imply the diversity of content that we were looking for, but those sections remain empty. I've tried to promote intellectual discussions, based in fact, about the issues of last year. I've tried to make the covers and posters less topic-based, more universal (so as not to imply a "staff opinion," since there isn't one). In short, I've done everything I can imagine to expand the *Omen*, to cry for contributors, to ask those who criticize the *Omen* to change it by writing in it. I've done this personally and

WRITTEN AND SUBMITTED BY: J. WILDER KONSKACH

publicly, but have been almost entirely unheard. I believe the *Omen* is more under attack now than it ever has been before, and I'm getting very tired. I don't want to see this staff, a staff of good people, worn out by this struggle. I don't want to see them give up. I want the *Omen* to be a forum for the WHOLE campus, without sacrificing its promises of free-speech.

The personal attacks I've received are exhausting, and drain me of good faith. The recent graffiti, the tearing down of our recent posters (posters with simple text and an uncontroversial message), and the fact that more than 400 issues of the recent *Omen* were thrown in the garbage on two occasions, not to mention various e-mails, where we've been called "assholes" and "pitiful people," all these things make me unspeakably sad. We are a new staff, and we are being attacked because of a REPUTATION, because of a prejudice, because of an inaccurate public impression of incomplete history.

Yet, no one (and I mean NO ONE, we've gotten very few submissions this semester, and almost none from new people) doing the attacking is doing anything constructive to change the *Omen*; they are only acting to give it a bad name and to destroy it. The *Omen* is changed only by active contribution, not by anger and criticism alone. Our members have been called bigots and race traitors, our members of color, and our female members, have been both singled-out and disregarded, and in the end, feel that their contributions and presence are ignored. I feel that way myself. I've been told by many individuals that people "do not believe we really mean our policy."

Let me say this: I WANT submissions from everyone, especially from our critics, from those deeply upset by our very existence. The staff is truly ready to risk everything for its policy. We will, and want, to print everything. We want the *Omen* to be the possession of the whole campus. This is the only strong, regular publication we have. Thus, I'm writing you to ask you: please help us get submissions. Our problem with submissions has gone beyond that of a paper looking for content: the *Omen* is a Hampshire institution, one whose content affects the lives of this campus' people. This institution has been categorized as an enemy to students of color and to women, and that is a horrifying and inaccurate category.

The current staff is composed of understanding people, and we know that others may be offended by some of what we print (WE are offended by some of what we print), but those who are offended need to stop anonymously and destructively responding, villainizing us and building up stereotypes about us. So I ask again, please help us to get submissions, please help make this institution more diverse, and more representative of this campus. I do not know how to do this, but perhaps you do. I want the campus to see both sides of this issue, I want everyone to feel access to the *Omen* (since they truly have it). I want to stop receiving anonymous hate mail, I want to stop being called a liar, a bigot, and a sexist. I came to this campus to fight these things, and now, because I have stepped up to change the *Omen*, and associated my name with it, I am being villainized. Many of us feel the same. This is not right.

Please respond with any suggestions, or take any steps you feel necessary to make the *Omen* really what its policy promises: an open, unedited, fully-free forum FOR EVERYONE.

J Wilder Konschak
Greenwich 26A, x5851
Omen Editor; Darwin's Kids Producer
<http://www.angelfire.com/nj2/wilderworks>



BYRONESQUE INTERDISCIPLINARY

HAMPSHIRE BINGO

HAMPSHIRE BINGO

GENDER (verb)	PARADIGM	DISCOURSE	HEGEMONY	YURT
MALE GAZE	POSTCOLONIAL	CHOMSKY	META- (pref)	RECONTEXTUALIZE
GENDER, RACE, CLASS (all in one sentence)	SOCIAL CONSTRUCT		OTHERIZE	POLYAMORY
HUMMUS	HUMIA	EXPERIMENTAL	SCHOOL OF THE AMERICAS	GENDER (noun)
REPRESENTATION	IMAGE (verb)	DECONSTRUCT	ANI DIFRANCO	REFY

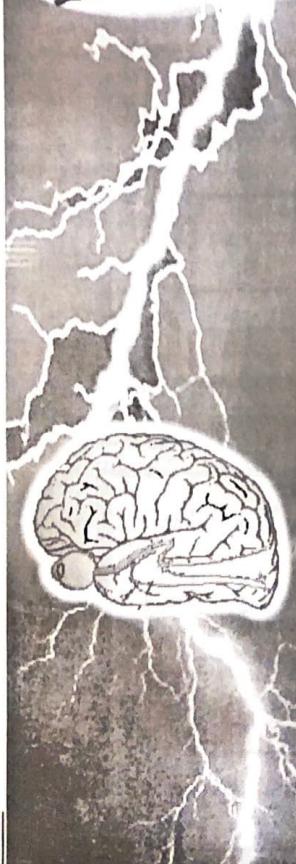
GENDER (verb)	PARADIGM	DISCOURSE	HEGEMONY	YURT
MALE GAZE	POSTCOLONIAL	CHOMSKY	META- (pref)	RECONTEXTUALIZE
GENDER, RACE, CLASS (all in one sentence)	SOCIAL CONSTRUCT		OTHERIZE	POLYAMORY
HUMMUS	HUMIA	EXPERIMENTAL	SCHOOL OF THE AMERICAS	GENDER (noun)
REPRESENTATION	IMAGE (verb)	DECONSTRUCT	ANI DIFRANCO	REFY

NEOSHAMANIST GEOPOLITICAL OPPRESSORS

WASSUP	META- EXPERIMENTAL	NEO- SHAMANISM	PHALLO- CENTRIC
SAFE SPACE	THE EVILS OF THE PRIVATE PRISON INDUSTRY	INTERNALIZED OPPRESSION	SUSTAINABILITY
MALE GAZE		INTERPRETIVE DANCE	HEGEMONY
HARMS	THE PORN- GRAPHY OF	POSTMODERN	PROACTIVE

VAGINA	TOEFLY	PROACTIVE	COMMUNITY- BASED	GENITAL- FIXATION
WIFFY	TIGHT (meaning "good")	REFY	IMPERIALISM	IMPERIALISM
OTHERWISE	NON- LINEAR	free	DIPLACTIC	DIPLACTIC
WHITE PRIVILEGE	WHITE SUPREMO PATRIARCHAL CONSPIRACY	RECONTEXTUALIZE	SHIFTING THE PARADIGM	SHIFTING THE PARADIGM

SECTION LIES



FICTION, POETRY,
SATIRE, AND
OTHER STUFF

ZAK KAUFFMAN SAVES THE DAY

This is a story. But stop! Don't turn the page. Because it's all true. It happened during my first year here at Hampshire, ten years ago (yes, I am a tenth year Div 1), and it changed the course of history as we know it. It begins like this:

It was dinnertime in Saga, and the place was bustling. The food was amazingly good for a Friday, and the conversation was lighthearted, inspired by the abundance of good things to eat.

"So, you don't think Elvis is dead?"

"No. I mean, he died, but then he was reincarnated as the squirrel that lives in my heater."

"Hm...."

Suddenly, into this scene of joyous intellectual exchanges burst the sound of gunshot coming from the other room. Screams followed, and chaos reigned supreme. People hid under tables, and I grabbed my arch nemesis, Moose, to use as a human shield. Unfortunately, she was attempting to return the favour, and we ended up in a wrestling match under a chair.

Three men dressed in nylon suits decorated with the Canadian flag marched into the room like some kind of Olympic athletic contingent, only with big shiny guns pointed at us.

"We want the *Omen* staff, ey!" one of them screamed. We all cowered in fear of his insidious Canadian accent. "Give us the *Omen*, and no one gets hurt, ey!"

I looked around. No one moved a muscle. Then, the hero to end all heroes stood up. His name, which will forever grace the halls of Saga, was **Zak Kauffman**.

The rest of us joined him, and, soon after, Benni and Wilder were brought in from the back room, where they had been found cowering behind the soft-serve machine. We stood there, a wall of pure *Omen*ness, and at the front was our hero, **Zak Kauffman**.

Our hero spoke up. "What do you want with us?"

"*The Omen* is a threat to Canadians everywhere, ey, so we're shutting you down, ey!"

"Yeah, yeah," his comrades agreed.

They took us to the pub lab, and locked us in. Once a day they passed in a plateful of the worst Saga food they could find, and every morning they counted us to make sure we were all there. We plunged into deep despair...well, all of us except Benni and Wilder. They struck a deal with the Canadians: they get take out from Papa John's, in exchange for loads of American money. But the rest of us were miserable: without *The Omen* we were nothing.

But our hero, **Zak Kauffman**, was there to save the day. After three days of torture, he stood up and said "We're not gonna take this, are we?" (blaring inspirational theme music) "We're the *Omen*. We stand up in the face of adversity, and we flip God the bird and we say 'Fuck you' to everyone who would put us down. Even Canadians. Especially Canadians."

We all stood up and cheered, and our hero, **Zak Kauffman**, took a

BY JEFFREY PATERNOSTRO

MORE ON NEXT PAGE

GABE MCKEE IS NOT A CASH MONEY MILLIONAIRE

BY JEFFREY PATERNOSTRO

So it turns out Gabe McKee is no good in bed. You

would think that someone who is doing his Division III on Dick would be better suited to such tasks. This is not the only reason Gabe is a fucker. There are innumerable reasons, each more chock full of latent fuckerness than the last.

(1) Gabe got me caned in Singapore. The bastard put his smuggled heroin into my duffle bag when we were going through customs. He laughed while they repeatedly lashed my bare buttocks.

I dulled the pain by thinking of different ways to kill him and then pickle his remains.

(2) Gabe bragged about admissions taking his picture to put in the brochure. I would pity him, but my heart holds nothing but contempt. I will capitalize the 'K' in McKee with the sole intention of irritating him.

(3) Gabe calls my *Omen* articles words like "prolethic," "muniscent," and "viscorous." I know he just makes those words up. I think it brings him sexual arousal. That is simply sick. The

(8) Gabe irrevocably scarred the members of his Fall 1999 orientation group. When he did trust falls with his, he would purposely



position them over jagged rocks and then let them drop.

(9) Gabe thinks that *Rubber Soul* is the best Beatles album. Everyone knows it's *Abbey Road*, ass. In my presence he referred to

"Here Comes the Sun" as a "mild-ming, subpar effort." He knows it is my favorite Beatles song. I want to stab him through the kidneys with a stiletto.

(10) Gabe created a voodoo doll in my image and stuck a pin in the chest. I got tuberculosis, jackass. I wait for the day that the African killer bees migrate to his mod.

Ten reasons are related here, but there are more, many more. Secretly, we all mock him, often to his face.

Until next time, Gabe better keep his grubby hands off this article. It was bad enough when he plagiarized me in his paper on Sub-Saharan Anthropology. He knows jack about the bone structure of the Central African Cro-Magnon. It's intellectual property, Gabe. Stop looking at it with those lustful eyes.



ZAK KAUFFMAN SAVES...

continuations

victory lap around the pub lab. Then we got down to business. First we tied Benni and Wilder up and stole all of their cash. Then we used the cash to get the guard to bring us a roll of toilet paper. And some good food. We were then forced to kill Benni and Wilder. Our hero, **Zak Kauffman**, regretted this, but we needed their blood to write our hate rants on the roll of toilet paper. We wrote pages upon pages of whiny articles about Canada. We bitched about the lousy food, we cursed Mike's Hard Lemonade, and we disavowed ice hockey. Finally, it was done. They sent me, toilet paper strapped to my butt, through the ventilation shaft to duplications. It was tough, and they asked a lot of questions there, but I made it back to the pub lab in time for roll count.

The next week, the *Omen* came out as usual. The writing of our hero, **Zak Kauffman**, stirred up so much anti-Canadian sentiment on campus that the Canadians fled in fear of their lives. Our hero, **Zak Kauffman**, was promoted to King, and everyone lived Happily Ever After.





MY ZEN GARDEN GOT KNOCKED ON THE FLOOR

Dr. Wilder had his first Transcendent Thought while watching *The Matrix*.

"There is no spoon," he realized, and everything changed. A warm light fell around him, and a profound sensation of peace descended upon him. He heard the music of the universe humming for just a moment, a peaceful and glorious melody, and for a time, he stood at the center of galaxy, everything a part of him, him a part of everything, and everything turning as one.

"There is no spoon," he said quietly to himself, and he knew that it was the first Transcendent Thought. Society had finally reached the magnificent point that had been long awaited by philosophers: it was on the path to universal peace. Only Four Transcendent Thoughts remained to be had, and after those thoughts were thought, all of Earth would live as one.

"Finally," he said, standing. "We have freed ourselves from the circle of growth, decadence, decay, and collapse — pop culture has provided us with the first step. There is no spoon."

He went to the refrigerator, trying to hold onto the splendid feeling of unity that was too quickly fading, unsupported by the Four other thoughts. He got himself a Toaster Strudel.

"Surely, others have recognized this thought, others have felt the rush of perfection. What makes

this different," he thought, "is that I have both watched *The Matrix* and played the computer game, *Alpha Centauri*. This game, though it was not necessarily transcendent in itself (how could a turn-based strategy game ever hope to be so, in an era of real-time strategy?), it did lay the groundwork with its prediction of the form that Transcendence would take. It told me: he needed was to think of a place to look.

"There is no spoon," Dr. Wilder whispered again, sitting in a rest-stop McDonalds, somewhere on those Five Transcendent thoughts of cultural thought. After those Five Transcendent thoughts are shared, there will be no more need for money or for war. All will be well, and though the game will not end, it will be over, it will be won. Yes, *Alpha Centauri* has spoken, and *The Matrix* has answered. There is no spoon.

Dr. Wilder took the strudel from the oven and thought of his next step.

"I must find the other Four Thoughts," he said. "They are out there - out there in our advanced Western America Culture. For the good of humanity, for the good of all living things, Dr. Wilder will find the remaining Four Transcendent thoughts." He stuffed the second strudel in his mouth. "I leave today."

He did not pack. All he took with him was an electric shaver, a desk lamp, a typewriter, and a camping chair, which conveniently folded into a small shoulder-bag, but still had room for a cupholder. (Admittedly, the cupholder only fit cans

selections from the Dollar Menu, Dr. Wilder sat back and turned things over in his head. He was in

his camping chair, and it helped him to think. The McDonalds staff had glared disapprovingly at him as he unfolded it, but he shouted to them, "There IS NO spoon!" FRESH. JUST FOR YOU!" and they were so overcome with understanding and tolerance, that they began giving out their burgers for cost: three cents a piece.

The answer is here before you, Dr. Wilder!" he said then. At

the end of W.W.II, and the return of the troops to their beloved, he saw what was TRULY there before him: a brown McDonald's bag. He sat forward. His heart pounded as he turned the bag. stereo. There, on its side, he found these words: "FAST. FRESH. JUST school!" FOR YOU."

All the blood went from his face. He held his breath for so long, time must have stopped, for

"There is no spoon!" he called. certainly he would have suffocated otherwise. This, this here, was the Second Transcendent Thought. He'd learned from the school of pop movies, and now, the road. Once there, they'd pick form the school of pop food. All flowers and sing songs. Most of the world enjoyed McDonalds, them sang, "Like a Prayer," just as all the world enjoyed the Madonna's dance masterpiece, films of Hollywood: "Fast. Fresh. beloved by people the world over. Just for you."

Within two hours, three back

"There is no spoon..." Dr Wilder surrounded Dr Wilder's motorcycle. He shouted his message of enlightenment to them, "Fast. Fresh. Just for you." The two together synchronized, and

music was blaring loudly within

"Oh, shut up," he said. "You're going to be killed."

TO BE CONTINUED.



<p>Steven, what's being Irish like?</p> <p>Screamin' Steven</p>	<p>I don't speak Gaelic.</p>
--	-------------------------------------

By KARL MOORE



SECTION HATE



We hate so
you don't
have to.

...OH, AND YOU TOO.

As anyone who knows me knows—there aren't many things that I like. Or, at least it seems that way initially. Let me just get it right out there. I hate the *Peanuts* comic strip, most especially Snoopy. I don't like chocolate. I hate cats, including kittens. I hate *Seinfeld*. I am not impressed by The Beatles. I find David Letterman annoying to no end. The hatred and detestment of the aforementioned items has caused me so much strife, this year especially for some reason, that I just had to address it.

We will start with the *Peanuts*. OK...they are not funny. They never were funny—or even mildly entertaining. I used to dread the days when my little brother would take out the Charlie Brown tapes...*Bon Voyage, Charlie Brown; It's* ran away into the woods. I hope a fucking coyote ate the thing. After *The Great Pumpkin, Charlie Brown; You're A Stupid Motherfucker,* Charlie Brown—they actually have one called *It's Arbor Day*, Charlie Brown. What the fucking fuck? There are over 40 of those Charlie Brown specials. Just thinking about them all makes me want to take a torch to the Schultz estate. Don't get me wrong, everyone has to make a living and I'm sorry that the man died, but why was he able to amass millions by making shoddy, wiggly characters with fat heads say unintelligent and simply not funny lines? Pisses me off. And Snoopy...little silent bastard. Red Baron this, you fucker. I hate you.

When it comes to chocolate—what can I say? I just don't like the stuff. Chocolate ice cream and hot fudge especially. Nasty! With cats, it's kind of a weird thing. Up until I was about 15, all I wanted was a kitten. I was going to name it Kitty. We always had dogs growing up, and I loved them, but I thought a kitty-cat was the right pet for me. Then one night I was babysitting at my neighbor's house, and their three cats were creeping me out the whole night. If I was sitting on the couch they'd jump up behind my head, and they'd just glare at me with those soulless, mirrored eyes. Not long after that, a kitten, a teeny-tiny thing, followed me home from a walk one day. My parents thought I brought it, cause at that time they thought I still wanted a cat, which I still sort of did. But no, it followed me. I took care of it and fed it and was extra nice to it, and how did it repay me? It scratched the shit out of my arms and ran away into the woods. I hope a fucking coyote ate the thing. After other cats my decision was final. Listen to Stephen Lynch's "Kill A Kitten" and laugh along with me.

The Beatles—ugh. I admit that I own their "new" 1s album. I don't exactly hate the Beatles, in fact, I like some of their early stuff, but I do not agree that they are the greatest band that ever lived. If it weren't them, then it would have been another band. They happened to hit at the right time and good for them. It was all a matter of timing and luck and you will not convince me otherwise, so don't try.

David Letterman and *Seinfeld* pretty much get hated from me for the same reasons. That arrogant, "I We am/are the funniest most original and wacky thing to ever exist." you fucker. I hate you.

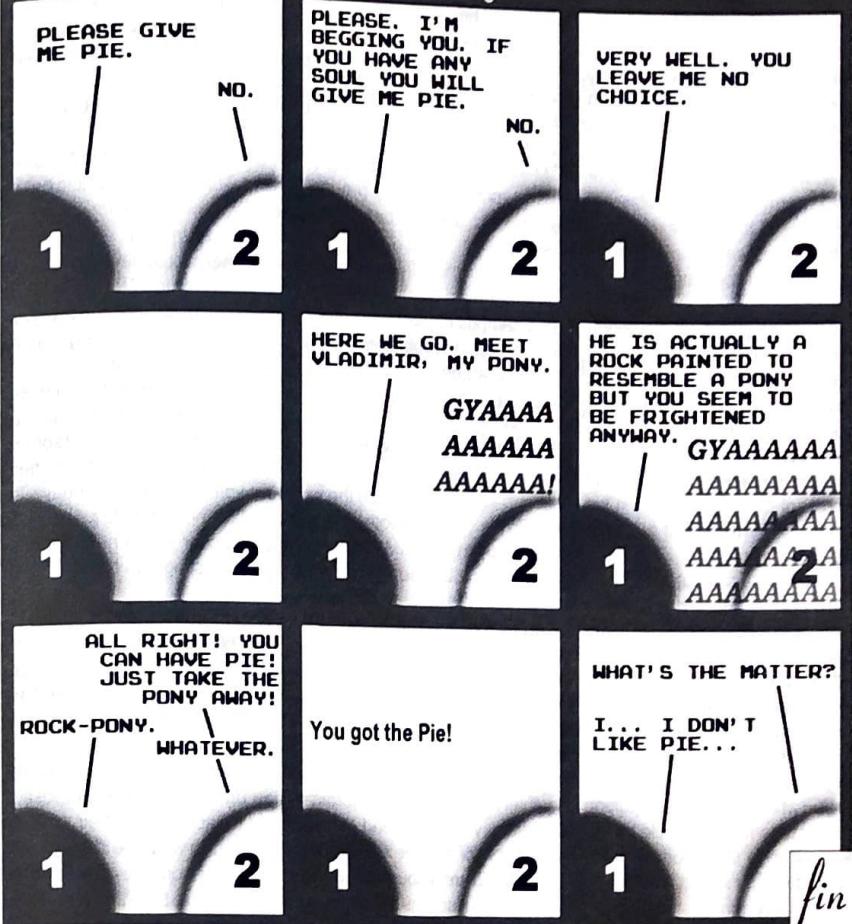
When it comes to chocolate—what can I say? I just don't leave rooms when *Seinfeld* comes on—and come on it will—it's on about

BY ANDREA L. THEOCLES

MORE ON NEXT PAGE

DEATH TO THE EXTREMIST XIII

O by M. Zole ★
www.zole.org



FROM PREVIOUS PAGE five different stations like, three times a day. God, I fucking hate that show. And Letterman...Letterman is just a jackass. The only thing cool about him is that Norm MacDonald used to do a killer impersonation of what a jackass he is. I love Drew Barrymore, but I don't understand why she has crushed on him for most of her life. I

mean...ew.

I'm not saying that it's wrong to like the things that I hate. Of course I realize that people love and adore them. And I also realize there are things that I love that other people probably hate: *Will and Grace*, Henry Rollins, cooking shows, *ER*, magazines like *Cosmo* and *Moiselle*, *Friends*, and *N'Sync* for example. And I don't care. Hate away. But next time I roll my eyes when "Hey Jude" comes on the radio, or I scowl when someone clicks over to CBS at 11:35 instead of the WB...just leave me alone and let me hate in peace and quiet.



ALTERNATIVE TO INSANITY

BY DORIAN GITTLEMAN

may be the first Omen writer to say that I DON'T think Community Council is a crock of shit. At the same time, I am also one of the people more vocally opposed to council, because I firmly believe that there is a better option for student "governance" out there: the all-community meeting. Why, when we have such a small campus, do we need a representational democracy? If there are decisions to be made, we can make them together, as a community.

Let me make it clear that I have the utmost respect for the members of Community Council as individuals. I think many of them work very hard to try and make this college better, and I think they have the students' best interests at heart. That doesn't mean they need to represent our interests, when we can so easily represent our own. Try and hear me out.

We have a campus of approximately twelve hundred students. If every one of them decided to come to a community meeting, we could still fit in the RCC. There is no reason that everyone who has an opinion can't also have a vote. On a campus this size, direct democracy is a perfectly feasible thing. Issues which affect a large portion of the student body should be addressed by a large portion of the student body. Here is a new plan for how government should be run on Hampshire College Campus.

Every Tuesday at 3:30, there will be an all-community meeting in the RCC. It will be at 3:30 because classes have already been scheduled so that students DO NOT have class then. I wish there were some way to get people with work-study jobs out of work from

3:30 to 5:00, but they should be able to send a proxy voter if they cannot attend the meeting. Meetings should never take a long period of time, because there will be no actual debate, only question and answer sessions. Any debate

will have already taken place, as I shall now explain. Agendas for the ACM will be posted, along with the full documentation of any proposals, do we need a representational democracy? If there are decisions to be made, we can make them

Meeting shouldn't take place

more than every other week, unless a campus emergency comes up. The agenda/proposals will be placed on an open forum like the Daily Jolt, where people can debate the proposals once they've been posted. Any changes made to the proposals due to public debate can also be posted on the forum. On the day of the vote, people will show up to the ACM, prepared

to ask any questions not addressed on the forum. There will be an overview given of the proposal, questions will be asked, and then there will be a vote. There is no room for actual debate in a meeting with one hundred people or more, but there shouldn't need to be debate.

Everyone can vote according to what they think, instead of having to think for anyone else. As for voting, there are a couple ways we could do it. If it seems like an issue that most people feel one way about, then there could simply be a hand raising, yay or nay, once the proposal was given. If there is

no clear majority, then we could have a written vote. Pieces of paper would be distributed to students who would write their answers down and put them in a box on the way out. There could

be a list of students posted on the wall, and people could just check their name off. I honestly don't think Hampshire students would bother to try and throw a vote one way or another. That would take too much effort.

Now, as for who would be in charge of the meetings, that would be a member of the agenda committee. The committee would have no real power, but their duties would be as follows:

1. They would have to monitor the online forum. Not often, just enough to make sure that it keeps running and that any legitimate questions are addressed.

2. They would need to write out the agenda for the upcoming meeting and post it to the forum. If someone has a proposal which they want voted on, then they have to send it to the committee, although the proposer would need to take care of posting it to the forum on their own.

3. The committee would be responsible for meeting with the administration, should it be necessary. They would need to give the results of any vote to the administration.

4. Committee members should stay up to date on all proposals taking place during their time in office, which would be short. I think a semester would be good. Anyone should be able to be on the agenda committee. It could even be like jury duty, randomly selected, except people would have the right to turn it down.

5. Committee members would run the meeting, only not really. They would call on the various people making proposals, and those making proposals would run their section of the meeting. Com-

MEETINGS ON NEXT PAGE

TOM'S DAD RIGGED THE GRAMMYS

BY TOM O'CONNOR

If you know me at all, you know that I watched the Grammys on Wednesday the 21st. My mommades and I all sat in our common space, eager to yell at the screen in a rage over who won what award, because we all knew that the people we wanted to win simply wouldn't.

The ceremony opened with Madonna performing her song "Music." This was the best performance of the evening. Lots of cool dancing, Madonna's regular back-up singers, and even Lil' Bow Wow was in it for a couple seconds. Okay, the Lil' Bow Wow thing was unimpressive, I hate that little shit, but I was surprised because Madonna almost never shares the stage with another performer. She's done a song with Ricky Martin and Babyface... that's all that

spring to mind right now. Anyway, all of the other performances went downhill for the rest of the night. 'NSync, Destiny's Child, and U2 were all lame. The collabo between Jill Scott, Moby, and Blue Man Group was cool visually, but who ever came up with the idea of Moby singing along with Jill Scott should have many pennies flicked at the back of his head by a jock in his

UMass class. Oh, and there was Music Video - Foo Fighters "Learn some performance by this guy ing To Fly". Nay. It should have named Eminems and Sir Alto John been Busta Rhymes "Fire". Best Alternative Album - Radiohead "Kid

A". Hey, it's all good.

Jon Stewart was the host for the evening. I love this guy. Jon seemed a little awkward hosting "Beautiful Day". PLEASE! Ma this huge event in such a huge arena, but if you know anything about Jon Stewart, it's that his Of The Year - U2 "Beautiful Day". Come on, guys. This song sucks.

Again, it should have been

Destiny's Child (a.k.a. Beyonce and The Supremes). Album Of The FUCK is this?!! Some coun-try bitch, I'm assuming. It really Against Nature". An outrage. should have been Jill Scott. Fe-Beck or Radiohead should have won, obviously. God, that makes Aimee Mann "Save Me" should me angry. My father is the only have won, although the argument Steely Dan fan. They didn't give about Aimee Mann and Joni two shits about winning, either. Mitchell being nominated in the They had a really smug attitude same category as Britney Spears at the podium that only made me and Christina Aguilera is indeed a want to pummel them, as opposed to outwardly voicing my dislike for valid one.

Best Hard Rock Performance - Rage Against The Machine "Gu-erilla Radio". No qualms here. I'm just SO happy Kid Rock and Limp on for ages, but I won't. If you want Bizkit didn't win. Best Female R&B to know who won, you should have Vocal - Toni Braxton "He Wasn't watched them yourself, Man Enough". Pshaw. Erykah Badu should have won for "Bag you lazy fuck. You make Lady". I'm pissed. Best Short Form said.



ALTERNATIVE TO INSANITY

continuations

mittee members would only be there to keep track of who is going to talk that day. We do not need a Community Council. We only need people to keep track of the paperwork.

So explain to me why this wouldn't work. Why shouldn't we have direct community involvement instead of a council which most people on this campus either don't like or don't give a shit about? I go to CC meetings. I sit through their endless babble and I come out wanting to take a gun to my head. (And about ten other peoples'.) Most people on this campus are very active, but they aren't active in their own campus because they don't think they can do anything or they don't think it's worth it. I'm telling you, it IS worth it to get involved here. Hampshire College is one of the coolest, most innovative places around. But its students don't have much of a voice. I think that could be changed, if we worked together more. Abolish Community Council, but don't abolish the Community.



SECTION SWEET

18

VOLUME 16 NUMBER 3



5+7+5=ARTICLE

Haiku for Omen
Why write in this form you ask?
Because I like it.

I am so hungry.
What to eat? Meatless hot dogs.
Manna of hippies.

Why the grafitti?
Talk about cost of Hampshire,
How much to clean that?

Hampfest was a joke.
My table was so lonely.
Why was no one there?

Revamping Div I's
Every year, now, they do it.
Again and again.

I think Div I's are
Just fine, thank you very much.
Stop messing with them!

I miss Tequila.
Not Cuervo, but Miss Flynn.
Keely, please come back!

Loud people party.
I can hear from my donut.
Won't you let me sleep?

Snow is good and nice.
But it's near March, goddammit!
Where are the flowers?

No more haiku now.
I must go to class instead.
Ah, Mount Holyoke.

To see more, go to:
Haiku.fuzrocks.com
Over two hundred.



BY KATHLEEN CHADWICK

RAD IS STILL RAD

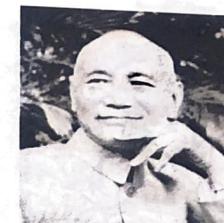


H owdy all, and welcome to the second blockbuster issue of *Rad!* We're still here with the razor ues in Afghanistan (bad??) and the impending release of *Get Over It* in theaters nationwide (nice).

And the short fiction:
"JOHN WINS"

John beat the mayor again and again and again with a hammer. He thought, "Wow, now I'm king of the town."

And the pictures of famous people:



Then there's the music reviews, of course:
Linkin Park's *Hybrid Theory* sounds complicated, but it's not. It's simple and cool!

And, as always, the recipes:
MENUDO

A large saucepan and a *comal* or griddle, plus a spice grinder, 1 calf's foot (about 1 to 1 1/2 pounds), 2 pounds honeycomb tripe, 1 large onion, 3 cloves garlic (peeled), 6 peppercorns, 2 teaspoons salt (or to taste), 4 quarts of water, 3 large chiles anchos, a large chile poblano, peeled or 2 canned, peeled green chiles, 1 pound canned hominy (drained), 1 scant teaspoon oregano.

Have the butcher cut the calf's foot into four pieces. Cut the tripe into small squares. Put them into the pan with the rest of the ingredients. Cover with water and bring to a boil. Lower the flame and simmer uncovered for about 2 hours or until the tripe and foot are just tender but not too soft. Meanwhile, toast the chilies well. Slit them open and remove the seeds and veins from the chile poblano, cut it into strips, and add to the meat while it is cooking. Remove the pieces of calf's foot from the pan, and when they are cool enough to handle, strip off the fleshy parts. Chop them roughly and return them to the pan. Add hominy and continue cooking the menudo slowly, still uncovered, for another 2 hours. Add salt as necessary. Sprinkle with oregano and serve (see note below). This amount is sufficient for 7 or 8 people. It should be served in large, deep bowls with hot tortillas and small dishes of chopped chiles serranos, finely chopped onion and wedges of lime for each person to help himself, along with Salsa de Tomate Verde Cruda to be eaten with tortillas.

Thanks to all who helped make *Rad* such a sterling success and gave me feedback to make this the best issue ever!



REJECTED OMEN COVERS



Hampshire College; Vol. 16: Num 3; March 9th

Can We Have An



Office Now, Please?



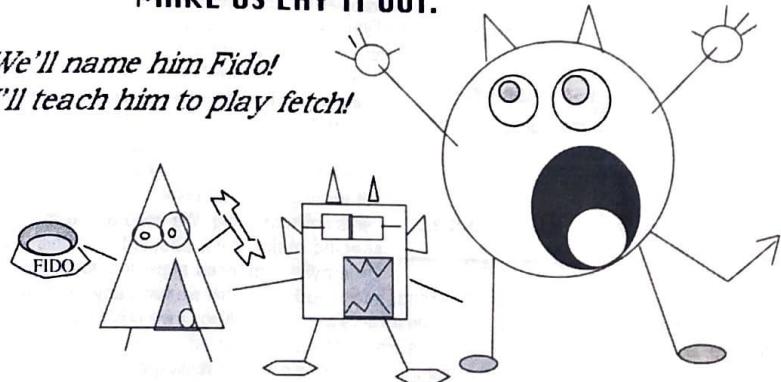
Hampshire College; Vol. 16: Num 3; March 9th

CONTRIBUTE TO DIVERSITY

**HELP US TO
GIVE YOU A
PLACE TO
SPEAK**

**MAKE US LOOK DUMB -
TAKE OVER THE OMEN -
TELL THE WORLD WE SUCK -
MAKE US LAY IT OUT.**

*We'll name him Fido!
I'll teach him to play fetch!*



The Article Goblins get fed up with being associated with this publication and its persistent reputation. They demand a policy of change and out reach, plus a pet puppy dog for the office.

Section ZOLE

MY MOM'S AN ENGLISH TEACHER

BY MICHAEL ZOLE

A few Omens ago, I Yes! Yes we do. Some people also dashed off a Section seem to be raising the concern that Zole article that satisfied Hampshire doesn't do a very good and particularly the fact that the requirements for passing a project-based Div I are shrouded in secrecy. I thought my suggestions for new ways to pass Hampshire's wacky requirements were kinda neat, but that's about it.

Now, yesterday there was a meeting about Hampshire's first year program, and my article got mentioned by no less a personage than Mike Ford. I don't know what to say... I'm flattered, really. I didn't go to the meeting, but from what I hear it seems like someone took my article as an indication that students are less than happy with Hampshire's current first year program. That's really cool, as long as they don't use my writing requirements, and Hampshire be- So I went and checked out firstyear.hampshire.edu to see what nonsensical requirements are in store for the first years of tomorrow.

Well, the site needs some work. It flies in the face of everything I learned in my CS Div I on Web site usability, but that's not important. What's important is the just an academic fraud who hodgepodge of notes and memos couldn't write a thesis to save his life. Perhaps I am not the only Hampshire student who feels this way.

As credible as this article has been so far, I'd like to move into the realm of conjecture. While the first year program (hell, the whole

Div system) does need some revision, I think most of Hampshire's problem lies in the student body. Show of hands: how many of you Hampshire students came to this God-forsaken school with the idea that Hampshire would be a cog in the wheel of your brazen youthful plan for freeing Mumia, putting Nader into office, or eradicating the slaughter of poor defenseless animals by making everyone a vegan?

Oh, come on, admit it. If the campus wasn't chock full of people with a strong agendas, we might not have such a big problem with people who show up at Hampshire expecting it to be a hyper-liberal activist paradise and leave when Hampshire tries to prepare them for the real world, where spelling counts. And no, I don't consider myself one of these people.

So, I ask you: does Hampshire really need a better first year program? Other than not knowing what the hell a Div I is, my first year went just fine, and I didn't even come here for the academics. I'm just here for the single rooms. (I sure lied my ass off on my application!) I think Hampshire needs better marketing. We need a little more structure, sure, but more than that we need applicants to acknowledge that we have any structure at all.

Or maybe I'm just an academic fraud who couldn't write a thesis to save his life. Perhaps I am not the only Hampshire student who feels this way.

That said, Sugar's album *File Under: Easy Listening* is good. You should rescue it from a used bin somewhere.

SEE A DILEMMA HERE: TOO FEW REQUIREMENTS, AND WE GET A STUDENT BODY THAT KICKS AROUND HAMPSHIRE INDEFINITELY...



MY MOM'S AN ENGLISH TEACHER

BY DORIAN GITTLEMAN

I ONLY MAKE COMMITMENTS TO MY CAR (AND HERE'S WHY)



Cheshire Cat Inc.

He looks at me as if to say, "Well bitch, your move." And here I am, on the crazy chessboard we call life, and you know what? I got nothin. This is my metaphorical world of literal pain.

It's December eighteenth, and I'm home for the first time since I went to college in August. This should be the best part of my day during the best part of my break. Theoretically. And why am I bitching? Because I have just spotted my ex-boyfriend, love of my life,

in a button-down, collared denim shirt with khakis and loafers. What the fuck. If I'd caught him like this while we were together, his balls would have been on a plaque over my bed. But we're not together anymore. This is the look he's got going for whatever girl he's got catering to his sexual whims right

I'm sure." It's so nice to meet you!" Michelle sticks out her hand like she's at an interview for a job. Honey, you already got it. I'd just like to take it back from you.

I try not to shake her hand like

it's covered in shit. "A pleasure,

I'm sure."

"I've heard so much about you from Jay."

She's got red hair and a figure I thought Playboy just made up. While I'm normally a pretty confident person, I have to admit, this girl hurts. She's not even slutty. No, she's very cute, very Banana Republic. And she's nice. I find this out when he dares to bring her over.

"Hi Dori, I'd like you to meet Michelle." Dori. He calls me Dori. This was very cute when we were together, but god-dammit, my name is Dorian, and he can get it right.

A little background on this name thing. I met my boyfriend in May. We were chill, friendly, but there was nothing. Then I left for

Europe and he went to Milwaukee. that means she hasn't found out about his Hubert Humbert complex yet. I won't help her out.

"I'm a senior this year. Working on my thesis in cross-generational relationships."

"How nice." Another awkward silence.

"So...what are you lovebirds doing for Christmas?"

Jay looks about ready to kill me, but some reason, he doesn't.

"We're going up to Michelle's family's. She's from Indianapolis."

"Great." Michelle jumps in. I don't know why she's so anxious to be cutsey and nice, but she's gonna be the death of all of us. "We're also going to celebrate his birthday. He's finally turning thirty." Please excuse me while I die now.

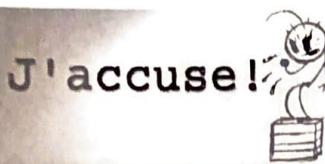
"That's wonderful. I'm so glad he can spend his birthday with such a nice girl." I'm being sarcastic and I think it shows, because she doesn't smile. In fact, her whole façade of niceness is starting to break. It shows around the eyes. I smile because I'm winning.

"Michelle is a nice girl. I don't deserve her." Jay puts his arm around her protectively. *Back off bitch,* that's what he's really saying. And I do. I pick up my coffee and put on my coat.

"Nice meeting you." "Nice meeting you."

I walk out the door and don't look back. I should have won, since I kept my dignity. But I feel like I'm knocked off the board.





A STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND

would like to open my article by stating for the record that Jeffrey Paternostro smells bad, wears dumb hats, and hits like a girl. Thus all he says is invalid.

Now, on to more important matters. Namely, our campus' dining commons. As some of you may know, I live in the on-campus housing known in the common Hampshire parlance as "the mods." This means I am not required to be on the Sodexo-Marriott meal plan, and thus I am not. So I don't go to the Gregory S. Prince, Jr. Dining Commons (known to most of you as "Saga," or maybe as "Epic" or "Long Heroic Narrative") very often. In the last six months, I've been there so few times I can count them without taking off my shoes—no small feat in a world where so many things come in quantities greater than ten.

It's a bit scary, really. (Saga, that is—not things that come in quantities greater than ten.) It feels like a high school cafeteria. It's full of first-years I've never seen before, and will likely never see again. And they're all eating food.

A brief side-note on eating: it's weird. Eating, that is. Just weird. Think about it.

So anyway, Saga is full of first-years. In the front, middle, and back rooms—but not in the food. God, I hope not. There are enough bugs and the like in there already. But no, the first-years consume the food. In Saga. I don't. I generally eat in my mod. Like cereal or couscous or something. These first-years I'm talk-

ing about—they don't. They've got their dorm-routine: wake up in the dorm. Go to either eat breakfast or class or to pee or something. Go back to the dorm. Go to eat in the other building again.

This probably doesn't strike you as strange.

A brief side-note: a bird just flew by my window.

You probably don't think it's strange at all. Because you probably live in the dorms. With all those hundreds of first-years. I have nightmares about that sometimes. That, and about large pieces of machinery falling on me. Those are my nightmares. I'll number them for you: 1) being crushed by twisted chunks of metal, and 2) buildings full of first-years.

A brief side-note: For those that didn't know, Sam Huntington, my favorite first-year next to that fucker Paternostro and star of *Detroit Rock City* (translation: he knows Eddie Furlong), is on leave this semester.

I wrote a song about him. I was hoping to perform it for him on live television. I still might, but he won't be around to hear it. The movie he's on leave to shoot

that kid scares me. If you see him, tell him to back off. Other than that, though, I don't think too many of the first-years of whom I speak recognize me. They probably just think I'm some dumb fourth-year who moved to the mods and now feels he's too "cool" or "hip" to eat in Saga. And then they think that when I do go I expect them all to think I'm hot shit or something. And ask me how to use the waffle maker, or what the fried ravioli was like my first year.

A brief side-note: it was better then.

In truth, I would rather eat in my mod all the time, but sometimes I'm either lazy or don't want any of the food I have. So I go to Saga, and generally leave disappointed.

The moral of this story is that first-years will eat you. Be afraid.

HE TAPES EVERY EPISODE OF OMEN TV, AND WATCHES THEM OVER AND OVER, NAKED AND COVERED IN MAPLE SYRUP.

sounds like it's going to be really really bad. Like *really* awful. Oh well. Sometimes, the metal things that fall on me aren't machinery at all, just big pipes and things. Like I had a dream last night about a lighting grid in a theater falling on me.

Alright, I have to come clean. I lied. I don't really have nightmares

about machinery falling on me very often at all. In fact, aside from last night's lighting-grid fiasco, I don't think I ever have had such a dream. And the lighting grid didn't even fall on me; it just fell when I was in the room. I'm a dirty, dirty liar.

The weirdest part about all these first years is that many of them may know who I am. I really don't know how many people have seen *OmenTV*, but I sure am on it a lot. And these first years might have seen it. There may even be one lonely, psychotic little first year out there, somewhere in the dorms, probably Dakin, maybe on K-1, who's taken vidcaps of me on *OmenTV* and blown them up into huge posters which he hangs on his wall. He tapes every episode of *OmenTV*, and watches them over and over, naked and covered in maple syrup.

That kid scares me. If you see him, tell him to back off. Other than that, though, I don't think too many of the first-years of whom I speak recognize me. They probably just think I'm some dumb fourth-year who moved to the mods and now feels he's too "cool" or "hip" to eat in Saga. And then they think that when I do go I expect them all to think I'm hot shit or something. And ask me how to use the waffle maker, or what the fried ravioli was like my first year.

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The moral of this story is that first-years will eat you. Be afraid.

DON'T TEMPT ME

BY CYNTHIA WATKINS

"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaar!" This was the sound of my disillusionment, piercing the annoying tropical-elevator soundtrack of Temp-tation Island.

"You should have known better," clucks my modmate Matt, who has spent his share of late nights with me and trashy WB dating shows. "They NEVER have a Change of Heart."

"But—but—but Kaya fell in love with two other people and doesn't break a sweat, while his girlfriend wasted the vacation sobbing on the beach! And Mandi slept with that stranger and said it was the best night of her life, and Billy STILL wants her!"

The credits roll. All the couples are still together. One of them is engaged. They're all "very much in love," a phrase that doth protest too much, methinks. And yet I have the odd feeling they'll all be together forever.

"We should have a Hampshire version of this show," another modmate suggests. "It'll be called 'Temptation Donut' and the Dream Dates will be a choice between Saga, the RCC, and the Goodread Library."

They all stayed together. My head is reeling. Never, not even on 'Survivor' or that ground-breaking original 'Real World,' has network television so audaciously fucked with people's lives. These six contestants offered their most meaningful relationships to the gods of prime time, to be hacked at for the sake of drama and dissected by millions for the sake of conversation, all the while telling themselves that whatever happens, happens.

No. Nothing "happens" on Temp-tation Island; it's more puppeteered than Sesame Street.

Let's pretend, for my own satisfaction, that I am half of a tempted couple. There will be half a dozen "sexy singles" on the island who are hand-picked to mindfuck me into submission. In my case, these would possibly include a flaming bisexual actor, a reformed Catholic priest-turned-novelist, a Dylan-inspired singer/songwriter, a mountain-climbing Dharma Bum poet, a bartending ballroom dancer, and a master chef who plays jazz piano. (This is reason #1 why I would not be selected as a tempee. Reason #2 is my abundant stomach, and Reason #3 is that I'd rather be dragged across the Sahara by demonic camels.)

Now, Fox graciously flies me to Bali with these perfectly proportioned males, dazzling me with all the daquiris, bonfires, gourmet meals, and midnight swims I can handle. The challenge is, can my signif and I have a good time apart and still stay together?

If we are to take the network couples as examples, the answer is yes. And no. Something funny happens when you're placed in the most romantic possible situation, with seemingly perfect companions and no rules. Some superficial part of you (and we all have that superficial part) goes "cha-CHING! This is IT! This is everything I've ever wanted!" And the rest is a struggle between your common-sense morality (as one girl asked aloud, "Am I going to hell?") and the indulgent prospect of giving in. Almost everybody, sucked in on some superficial level, became emotionally involved. Some had screaming matches, some had sex, some

25

Shouting Theatre in a Crowded Fire



HAMPSHIRE= THOUGHT PRISON

Hampshire was started with the dream of making a school that doesn't force students into a paradigmatic assembly line box of conformist uniformity. A school where a student can become whomever he/she/they truly are, not what a white male-dominated society thinks they should be. It was a wonderful dream by some guy whose name I don't know, and I salute that guy. Hopefully he's dead now, so that he doesn't have to see what his dream has become.

Second semester was going to be different. I decided that it was worth sacrificing a little bit of freedom by registering in order to take the classes I needed in order to become my true self. So I signed up for my three classes and got ready to open myself up to the wisdom of the ages. But the man still tried to bring me down. Here's what went wrong.

Many years ago I was a high school senior, looking for a college that would give me the tools to change the world. While going over some informative pamphlets, I discovered that Hampshire might just be such a school and so I applied there (No sir, it wasn't just because they took the common application.) On the day that Hampshire College accepted me into its liberal bosom I wept openly.

I stepped onto campus a wide-eyed innocent, open to all the possibilities of the universe. I was going to design my own curriculum. The pure freedom of this curriculum would let me shape myself into whatever I wanted to become, be it a writer, a doctor, or a genetically altered super being of unimaginable destructive might. Yes, the future was mine to mold.

Or at least, that's what Greg Prince wanted me to think.

My first hint that Hampshire was not the anarchist utopia it

advertised itself as came on the first day of classes. I showed up to the classes that I wanted to take, but was told that I had to

Problem #2: The fucking

teacher's that by registering for classes I would be anti-registering my freedom, but they didn't care. Apparently, if I didn't register, the man wouldn't be able to trap me in his system, and he whose name I don't know, and I couldn't afford to let me be free. So to make a long story short, I didn't take any classes my first semester.

Second semester was going to be different. I decided that it was worth sacrificing a little bit of freedom by registering in order to take the classes I needed in order to become my true self. So I signed up for my three classes and got ready to open myself up to the wisdom of the ages. But the man still tried to bring me down. Here's what went wrong.

Problem #1: The fucking

teachers. I don't know what's up with these fools. Greg Prince promised me discussion-based courses, and yet my stupid teachers kept trying to talk. Let me give you an example: I'm in Psych & Culture talking about how close to nature the Indians were and how that was a lot better than the way we live now because we've gotten so far away from the Goddess. Everyone in the class was riveted, and then the fucking teacher interrupts me and starts talking about the readings. WHAT THE HELL IS THAT? I'm ex-

pressing my true self and the teacher wants to stifle that by trying to control my in-class discussion topics.

BY BRADY BURROUGHS

Writer's Note: This continues the historical installment series about torture that began last issue.

Breaking With the Wheel or, the Catherine Wheel, was reputedly developed in Rome in the early 300's, but used extensively in the Germanic region of Europe from the early Middle Ages all the way up to the eighteenth century. The victim was laid out spread-eagle on the ground with long, perpendicular, and often wedged pieces of wood placed perpendicularly under the limbs. The torturer would then drop a large, heavy, spoked wheel inbetween and eventually on the blocks onto the limbs —shattering the bones of the limbs up to the shoulders and hips, but NEVER crushing the ribs or

anyplace that might cause broke, and killed members of the audience (including, in some stories, the inventor of the "tentacles" were then entwined and braided onto the wheel and hung from a tree or a tall pole where people could watch. The victim would then die from starvation, blood-loss or being eaten by birds.

This device is also known as the Catherine Wheel, because St. Catherine (feast day: Nov. 25th) was martyred in the early 300's on a similar device.

Denying a marriage proposal from Roman emperor Maxentius and refusing to give up her faith because of her un-

denying love for Christ, she was imprisoned and tortured — eventually becoming twisted around a large, spiked, suspended wheel. The wheel history.htm

www.dimension.com/~randi/wheeling.htm (www.solihulparish.org.uk/st_catherine.htm)



HAMPSHIRE= THOUGHT PRISON

continuations

thoughts he wanted us to learn in class! I will not play their game!

So to make a long story short, I didn't pass any of my classes second semester.

But that doesn't mean my second semester was wasted. No, because second semester I found the *Omen*. In the *Omen* I found the perfect forum to share my wisdom with others, a forum that encourages free and diverse thought. Be it my opinions on my new Appalachian Folk album or an essay on the tyranny of oppressive white male capitalistic rapist privilege, I could write whatever I wanted and know that it would be read and appreciated by likeminded folk. I found that the only true freedom available on campus lies between the recycled paper covers of each and every issue of the *Omen*.

So now I'm a second year and, although I am still oppressed by the Hampshire academic system, I have learned to cope. I passed a class last semester and am well on my way toward filing my Div2 on 'Gender in Pre-colonial Indigenous American Goddess Farming from a Neo-Pagan Perspective'. In addition, not only do I still express myself on a bi-weekly basis in the *Omen*, but I just recently discovered a way to spread my words to my student sisters and brothers on an even wider basis. The idea came to me when I realized how well permanent marker sticks to the buildings around campus.

www.romancatholic.com/nagran.ca/history.htm



DARE TO DREAM III

The plan is in place.
I will seduce Gabe
and poison him with
my hemlock-laced
edible panties. He
will die in exquisite
agony.



I have commanded the
Vorlon fleet to
attack Gabriel McKee.
He will end in
fire...and some
pain...okay, much
pain.



Oh Yeah!

{through translator}
Yes, I will kick Gabe
repeatedly in the head
until he dies.



On the honor of my
ancestors and clan, I
swear Gabe McKee will
not live to see
another sunrise.
After his death at my
hands, his head shall
be displayed on a
pike outside the
walls of my family's
fortress for two
weeks.

Eva Unit 01
awaiting your
order to
vaporize Gabe
McKee with the
prototype
positron
cannon.

